

There ence was a maid at a health resort, And a serrowful maid was she: She never would dress in a bathing suit Or wade in the tumbling sea; For she feared that the chaps would tum-ble. Sec? She'd her reasons, this foxy miss,

For never donning a bathing suit-Were This. -Houston Post.

Wouldn't It Chill Youf

Oh, the snow! The beautiful snow! It shivers and s' akes as the blizzards blow;

It zips in your eyes and it flirts with your And pelts on your nose till it fetches the tears;

And isn't it grand when a quart or a peck Of the beautiful snow takes a scoot down your neck? Oh, the snow! The beautiful snow!

Isn't it nice on your fingers, though? Isn't it fine as the jolliest news When it drifts all around and gets into your shoes? And isn't it brazen, and isn't it boid?

And isn't it frigid? Suy. Isu't it

Ob, the ice!

Magnificent ice! It stretches its arms o'er the lake in a trice; It's clear as a jewel and solid as gold-And isn't it lovely? And isn't it cold? ons up the bath-pipes as cool as you please. And wonderful Icicles come with the freeza.

Oh, the icel

Magnificent ice!

And isn't it great when it forms on the And makes you cut capers to keep on your

And isn't it jolly to have and to hold? And wouldn't it freeze you?

Isn't it

-Exchange.

His Ideal Summer Resort. The young man boarded the green car at the corner of Sixth street and the avenue. He was out of breath, as if he had been running, and there was a queer, wild light in his eye. He plumped into one of the smokers' seats and immediately addressed the man on his left, a stout, comfortable looking individual, smoking a cigar,

"Well, I've got a bird of a place to board in the country this summer." he began, Say, d'je ever read these country board "Th-buh!" replied the stout man with the

cigar. "Lots of 'em Queer reading."
"Right you are," said the young man. "And I've been taken in about a times by reading 'em. But I've struck the place at last, 'S'wonderful, that's what it is-wonderful!"

"You don't say so," replied the stout man, in an uninteresting tone.

"Yes, I do say so. I just read the ad. about the place, and took a Sunday to go

down from the city to investigate, and it looked so promising that I stayed on, and, say, it's a bird of a place and no mistake." "The hub," said the stout man,
"They advertised forty acres of ground,

you know, with golf links and tennis courts and all that sort of thing—and, say, they've got 'em all!" and the young man panted in his excitement. "Uh-huh."

"And they advertised fresh milk and vegetables raised right on the place, and, b'jing! what d'ye think-they have fresh milk on the table-real milky milk, with cream on the top-three times a day, and vegetables with the dew still on 'em three times a day, "Well, well!" mildly ejaculated the stout

"And they advertised a fine swimming lake on the premises, stocked with choice specimens of the finny tribe, and if I haven't been swimming in that fine, sandy bot-tomed lake every day, and catching a boatload of fish in it every day, too, I'm a

"You don't say so!" said the stout man, looking interestedly in the other direction. "That's right; and they advertised that all of the rooms were big and airy, and that folks had to sleep under blankets every night on account of the coolness, and I found it to be a fact, b'jee!"
"I want to know!" breathed the stout

"And the ad. insisted upon the fact that mosquitoes were absolutely unknown about the place, and I found that out to be true,

Well, well!" By this time all of the other persons in the smokers' scats were listening incredu-lously to the excited young man's talk, and those in front were "rubbering" around

to get a look at him.
"And the ad, stated that there were three

mail trains a day, and that was true, also!"
"Why, how you talk!"

"And the ad, set forth the statement that, unlike most country boarding places, the mansion had four fine new porcelain bathwill bring in we shall get along as com-fortably as possible." tubs, with sanitary plumbing all over the house, and gas made right on the estate, and I've discovered it all to be a fact."
"Tush, how you converse!"

"And the ad, wound up by stating that of May is my birthday, and it would be it all could be had for the moderate sum nice for you to be married on that day."

of \$5 a week, and that's all I've been paying," said the young man with a paying that the course in long courtships. The 30th of May is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day." said the young man, with almost a

wail of joy.

Just then a cab, driven at full speed, flashed up alongside the car. Two big men inside the cab should to the conductor, The rest is don't expect any reply," she laughed. "Fill try and be a model mother-in-law. I believe I'm good-tempered and kind-hearted, though I did once follow a young man a couple of hundred miles with inside the cab shouted to the conactor, who stopped the car. The two big men jumped out and reached for the wild-eyed young man who had discovered the wonderful country boarding place. They tucked him, nonresisting, into the cab, saying to

"A bug house, you know. We're taking him to a sanatorium, and he got cut of our him to a sanatorium, and he got cut of our him to a sanatorium, and he got cut of our him to a sanatorium, and he got cut of our him to a sanatorium, and he got cut of our he wants to know whether he had better get in the way of a locomotive or jump thought we'd lost him."—Washington Star.

THE WISE HUSBAND.

The man whose wife started with the children on Sunday morning last for a two weeks' visit with her relatives in Pennsylvania begged off from seeing his family off at the station.

ulomatic

Exchanger

No Longer Wild and Woolly.

Christianity upon us has a cinch,

from The

Western land,

dressed:

breeches in his boots.

derfoot galoots

trout begin to bite

modest, nice and sweet

the skies;

quest:

words.

is their slogan.

to beat the band.

And the old wool shirt is but a memory

now, And we look with disapproval on the ten-

Who are sporting big sombreros on the We are seen at church on Sunday ere the

It no longer is the wild and woolly West!

from their lips, For a high old time they never go in

Not a gun is ever peeping from the pocket on their h-s;

It no longer is the wild and woolly West!

Oh, you bet your filthy lucre, we're refined

Janitors.

but do it themselves. The broom is their

badge of servitude, and "Ah, woe is me!"

A long search failed to reveal a half-way-

between janitor. As before intimated, they

are either happy or the reverse. Now, there's John Keegan. He is in the former

answer all questions, no matter how idjotic. There are 125 of these rooms to be kept

in "apple-pie order"—whatever that is.
We must admit that there is the jack-of-

He, too, comes nearer the real meaning of the word, which is doorkeeper. However, he

stated, they are all married (do not come singly), and have obeyed the biblical com-

And as for questions, why, book agents often ask you for a diagram of the charac-

"Then there's the person who comes round and asks you where So-and-So, who

was in 650, is now! An' wen there's been a dozen in the room since him."

The ubiquitous small boy makes himself

felt at this juncture by interrupting with:
"Say, mister, will you hold this pup while
I goes up to 617?" But the janitor passes,

In the very next building visited, however,

one is equally amused—a perspiring man rushes in the demands: "Did you see a

blond lady in a blue body go up the back

stairs?" And here's where we vanish, We simply had to do something to get in the class with the lady who had evident-

ly escaped a circus.-Philadelphia Record.

The Young Man Wants Advice.

It was the second time that the hero of the story had accompanied the young

Sarah took his hat, told him to sit down,

She was hardly gone before her mother

"I always did say that if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with our Sarah, he should have my consent.

The young man started with alarm!
"She has acknowledged to me that she

loves you," continued the mother, "and whatever is for her happiness is for mine." "I-I-haven't —" stammered the young

"On never mind; make no apology, I know

you haven't much money, but, of course,

"I know you hadn't, but it's all right," continued Sarah's mamma, reassuringly, "With your wages and what the boarders

The young man's eyes stood out like hatpegs and he rose up and tried to say

something.
"Never mind about thanks," she cried. "I

don't believe in long courtships. The 30th

"There, there! I don't expect any reply,"

a broomstick for agreeing to marry my daughter and then backing out of the en-

She patted him on the head and sailed

you'll live in my house."
"I had no idea of —" he began.

came in, smiled sweetly, and, dropping down beside the young man, said:

lady home. She asked him it wouldn't come in. He said he would.

up to 617?" But the janitor passes, escape without learning the fate of

ter of the tenants of the building.

your pardon, Mr. Shakespeare.

all-trades sort of janttor.

mand as to multiplying.

to take their cards up."

the bull pup.

-Denver Post.

off at the station.

"You know how I hate this parting business," said he to his wife, as he pulled away at his first post-breakfast pipe, "and there's really no necessity for me to go down to the depot, is there?"

"Um—well, no," she replied, darting him, nevertheless, a look of dark suspicion.

"There was a time, though, when you wouldn't have let me go away for a whole

tong two weeks without seeing me off at the station, and ——"
"Oh, well; I'll go, then, sure thing," said he, starting up the stairs to get dressed. "Might've known you'd say something like

that."
"Oh, never mind coming along now," she put in, apparently thinking of something. "I only said for-well, a woman, has got to say something, hasn't she?" and she smiled sweetly at him.

He hesitated at the bottom of the stairs, looking at her.
"Yes, but if I don't go, I s'pose I'll never

hear the last of it—you'll throw it up to me to the last day of my life, and after, We are getting there, dead certain, inch I'd be willing to gamble \$4." "No, Jack, I won't," replied his wife, quite good naturedly. "Come to think of it, it would be foolish to have you tramp down in the hot sun when it's so unnecessary. No, you just stay here at home and remain

comfortable—you're going to stay in to-day, I suppose?" shooting him another glance out of the tail of her eye.
"Sure thing, I'm going to stay in-all day," said he.

Fee a tough
With a yearning craze for shooting up When he had kissed the family goodby the town.

And the tenderfoot from Jersey when he tries to run a bluff the down.

Undergoes a rather hasty calling down.

Undergoes a rather hasty calling down.

The down the down car, he settled back with his stack of Sunday papers and his pipe and proceeded to take it easy. He looked as if he would'nt have We are drinking better liquor than we did budged away from his own vine and he tree for real big money, nor had he any in in days of yore,
And we go about more fashionably tention of doing so, just then.

However, about an hour after the depar-ture of his wife, he heard a well-known step, followed by a couple other smaller well-known steps, out in front, and he went to the front window and looked out. It was his wife returning with the children. An idea shot through his head, and he bounded upstairs three at a clip.

From his position at the head of the stairs

he heard his wife enter the front door with her latchkey. Then he heard her walk around for a moment. "Jack!" she called up the stairs.

Jack kept still.

With a holy flame alight in every breast, And we're always in our couches at the stroke of 12 at night— "I just knew it-I knew it perfectly well." he heard his wife routter to herself." he deceived me. The reason why he didn't go down to the station with me was because he had an appointment to spend the And our ladies, heaven bless 'em! are so day somewhere, and I know that I wasn't out of the door before he was geeting his You would think them truant angels from clothes on. Children, your father has dede-ceive—" and then she subsided into the weeps which she thought necessary under Never see them dash astraddle on their bronchos through the street, Making hoisery displays for staring eyes. Not a slangy word or sentence ever ripples the circumstances. Her husband tiptoed up to the garret,

and then he came down with his ordinary firm walk. ? "Who's down there?" he called.

"Why, Jack, is that you?" said his wife, in a surprised tone. "I thought you had "No I was up in the garret looking for

that old office coat of mine. But what's the matter? Why are you back?"

"I-I-lost the train," said his wife, meek-ly, as he came down the stairs.
"Did, eh?" said he, "Weil's that's nothing so serious. There's another train this at-ternoon. What are you crying about?" We have culture to distribute to the birds, And the brand of fresh morality we always keep on hand Couldn't be described in common rhymey "Well, I am so chagrined to lose the train," she replied more weakly, and look-We in every moral attribute are strictly

recherche.

And that same's no pipey, visionary jest,
And we love the rugged country into which
we've come to stay ing considerably sheepish.

And he was square enough not to let on that he knew all about the matter, and she departed on the early afternoon train, per-It no longer is the wild and woolly West! fectly confident in him. It is a sin and a shame the way some

good men are suspected by their wives. He had a great time down the river that af-There are just two sorts of janitors—those who think there is nothing like janitoring and those who are glad of it.

And this isn't as complicated as it sounds. The first mentioned are gentlemen janitors, to coin an expression, and are very ternoon; but that's another matter.-Wash-

My Shadow. I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me, saw h
And what can be the use of him is more name.

than I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up
to the head, jump into my bed.

sounds. The first mentioned are gentlemen janitors, to coin an expression, and are perhaps in charge of a building, even to renting the offices. In any case, they have a force of men to do the work. As for the second, they are in "the Lord High Everything Else" class of the janitorial scale. They not only see that the work is done, but do it themselves. The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow-Not at all like proper children, which is

> For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India rubber ball, And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

class. And with pride he can point to any erack or cramp in the post office without any necessity for saying: "Out, vile spot!" —your pardon, Mr. Shakespeare.

He employs seventeen men and thirteen women. "Few die and none resign," says he even though there is eight hours a day of good, solid work.

While some janitors object to serving the general public those in the post office are instructed to be "polite to the ladies and kind to the bables." not to mention the lords of creation. To be plain, they must answer all questions, no matter how idiotic. He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play. And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.

He stays so close beside me he's a coward you can sec,

I'd think shame to stick to nurse as that shadow sticks to me! One morning very early, before the sun was

up, I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup, But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepyhead, Had stayed at home behind me and was

fast asleep in bed.

-Robert Louis Stevenson. has so many other things to do that he fairly forgets this part of his job. He has his troubles, and, as proverbially Good Enough for Him. Two brothers recently visited the offic.

of a firm of American machine agents in London. One was at the head of an important English manufacturing firm, the second was an engineer who had lived in Pensylvania for some years. The latter pointed out to his brother machine after machine that he ought to have. "You know, "Tom," he at last declared emphatically, "if I were in your place I'd throw every bit of your old machinery on the scrap heap, and have an up-to-date plant right through. You'd double your output and halve your expenses." "Tom" listened carefully and put his hand to his chin in reflective fashloo. "Well, Dick," he said at length, "you may be right. I won't say that you're not. But why should I change? Th' owd machines were good enough for father, and they were good enough for grandfather, so I am thinking they're good enough for me."—London Dally Mail. that he ought to have. "You know, 'Tom,'

ward to the street this morning?" "I am coming to that," Sherlock Holmes, Jr., said, with a queer gleam in his wonder ful eves. "After a child is six months old it isn't likely to have colic. If you have

"No. sir! all the Darwins in the world cannot make me believe that I am descended from a monkey."

as I expected."

"What has happened?"
"There," replied the great amateur detective, pointing to a man who had just passed them; "he is the father of a child less than six months old that is troubled with the colic. He has, no other children and is left handed; his wife is not very strong, and they can't afford to keep a nurse. They feed the child on milk from a Jersey cow, He kiesed her when he left home this morning, and then walked half backward to the street, smilling at her."

Sourness just what kind of infants food or milk they are composed of. Of course, if he hadn't backed out of the door when he seen the streak and called him in to have it sponged off. So he must have kiesed her as he departed, and kept turning and smilling back until he was so far away that the spots were invisible to her."

The great amateur detective then caught a glimpse of a man who wore a slik hat and a sack coat, and hurried after him to backward to the street, smiling at her."

a friend of yours?"
"No," said Sherlock Holmes,Jr. "I never saw him before. I have never heard his

"But surely you can't expect me to be-lieve there is anything in his personal ap-pearance to enable you to make this won-derful deduction?"

"Some folks' talk," said Uncle Eben, "Is like a bunch of firecrackers. It makes a big sputter, but dar ain' numa' to show foh it."—Washington Star. I derful deduction?"

"Yes. One glance as he passed close to things. They are so simple. Now he is stopping to look in at that haberdasher's window. We will pass behind him, Look closely and see if there is anything about him to indicate how I have arrived at my wonderful conclusion regarding him."

After they had passed, the great detective turned with a look of inquiry to his companion. "No," the latter said. "I couldn't see anything that gave me the slightest clew-

"I knew you wouldn't," Holmes answered.
"There are three spots in the back of his coat-or, rather, there is a streak broken into three parts on the back of his coat, passing downward from the right shoulder. You can't guess how those spots came there, can you?" "No," his companion confessed, "I can't."

"That is because you are not an expert in the deducting business. He held his baby over his shoulder, and it drooled, making that broken streak. Why did he old the child over his shoulder? t was colicky, and holding it in that posi-on relieved it. His wife would have held t over her own shoulder if she had not oeen all tired out, which shows that she is not very strong. If they could afford to keep a nurse the father would not, of course, be compelled to hold the little one

take off his coat or put a towel over his shoulder before holding the child up. Is that clear to you?"
"Wonderfully so," his companion replied with ill-feigned admiration, you know the baby is under six months of feed the little one milk from a Jersey cow, that he kissed his wife and walked back-

in old hand at that sort of thing he would

"You will marry him because he has \$50,000 a year?" "On the contrary. The man I marry must be so rich be

"Hah!" said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., "it is as I expected."

His companion stopped, mystified, and asked:
"What has happened?"
"There," replied the great amateur de-

and a sack coat, and hurried after him to The other turned pale and asked:
"Heavens, how do you know this? Is he Heraid.

SMILES.

Tommie: "Paw, what relashun is my us a moment ago was sufficient. Really, gran'maw t' you?"
you are very stupid not to notice these Father: "She's my mother-in-law, young man; now don't remind me of her aga while she is here."—Ohio State Journal. Said a certain poor sick man named Proc

"If I do not shortly get better, The calls of this fancy-priced Dr. Will make me forever his Dr." -Philadelphia Press.

"Did you ever see a fellow who enjoyed the open cars as much as Briggs?"
"Don't believe I ever did." "I'll bet you his idea of paradise is som

thing on wheels, where all the seats are end seats."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. First Doctor: "Did you give Thuggs the treatment we decided upon?" Second Doctor: "Yes; and it nearly killed

"What a narrow escape?"
"It was, indeed! It has taught me always to collect in advance after this!"-San Francisco Chronicle.

Pointed Paragraphs. An open-faced watch-a yawning police-

The dentist and the farmer are both pracup and pat it on the back, and if he were i tical stump pullers. One of the duties of to-day is to qualify yourself for to-morrow.

Be what nature intended you to be and you will be a success.

He who borrows money of his neighbor

never hears the last of it.

Paradoxical though it may seem, a new watch is a second-hand article.

It is easier to approach luxuries than it is to back away from them again.

Men are like wagons—they rattle most when there is nothing in them.

The "war of the union" begins shortly after the marriage ceremony ends. What some men live on is of less interes to the world than why they live on.
"Throw physic to the dogs," says Shake

speare. William evidently had no love for The man who is looking for a fat office hould visit the counting-room of a lare factory. When a girl weighing 180 pounds answers to the name of "Birdie" the eternal fitness of things gets an awful joit,-Chicago

The Porter's Charitable View. One by one the travelers entered the sleeping car bound for the exposition, "Porter," said a fat man, "Yes, sah."

"Put me off at Buffalo." The porter showed two rows of ivories in

"Dat's purty good, sah," he said.
An "octopustic" looking man came in and looked at the porter with syldences of a mouth.

"Porter," he said.
"Yes, sah."

"Put me off at Buffalo." Then came a woman-a brazen womanwho sprung the same old gag, followed by the two traveling men, who drew cuts at the further end of the car to see who would have the honor of indulging in the witti-cism. And through it all the porter smiled. Finally, he came over to my birth and sat

"Dey's some mighty humorous people in dis world, sah," he said.
"Very," I answered, as a tall man, fault-

for a moment, and then his face brightened.
"Say, boss," he suddenly exclaimed. "I've got it. I'll bet \$10 dat man's a Southanah.



THE CODE OF HONOR. Apropos of these terrible French duels-a humane suggestion.-Sketch.



THEN SHE BLUSHED. Professor of Grammar: "What part of speech is kiss?"

Demure Pupil: "Noun, form proper and common, number indefinite, case pe-Professor of Grammar: "Why peculiar case?"



Sir Lucius O'Trigger: "The gintleman I have the hanor to represent, being nearsighted, insists on standing three feet nearer his adversary than his adversary to him."-King.



Nearsighted Professor: "This is a most beautiful rug."-Fliegende Blass



A BEASTLY IDYL FROM UGANDA.

One of the Judge's Economies. Among the members of the Court of Appeals when that body was first elected by the people at a spring election in 1870 was Herald. 'Good morning, Brother Greece,'

of religion. They weren't satisfied to have a nice revival among themselves—they wanted to get me in. When they found they couldn't, they insisted that I should help pay the expenses of converting the other sinners. There's where The Herald came in. I could see 'em coming toward my effice 'way up the street, And then I'd

get out my Universalist papers, and the people at a spring election in 1870 was Judge Martin Grover, a quaint and curious old man, whose eccentricities attracted attention wherever he was known, but whose robust mind, judicial fairness and intellectual capacity compelled respect. That he was an exceedingy odd old felow may be gathered from the folowing anecdotes of him:

"When I was a young man," he said, "I used to take "The Gospel Heraid and Evangelical Magazine," as it was called. It was published in Utica, and was edited by the Reverend A. B. Grook, assisted by the Reverend A. B. Grook, as dis world, sah," he said.

"Very," I answered, as a tall man, fault-lessly attired, came in with his head high in the air and passed us without a word.

The porter looked surprised.

"Bay, boss," he said, following the tall man with his eyes, "do you s'pose it am possible dat boy never heard of de 'put-me-off' gag?"

I answered, "but not prob-off gag?"

"I answered, "but not prob-off gag?"

When the world's weight is on thy mind when they found when the world's weight is on thy mind when they found when the world's weight is on thy mind when they found when the world's weight is on thy mind when they found when the world's weight is on thy mind when the world's weight is on thy mind when they found when they

And all its b'ack-winged fears affright, Think how the daisy draws her blind

And sleeps without a light.